weak, tremulous voice from among the pil-lows. "My little girl! My own daughter! What did he say, Debby? Was he pleased?" Well-no-I can't say he was," says Deb-

erah, rubbing her nose.

And Mrs. Parkhouse, whose gentle soul had naught of affinity to the five noisy boys and their gruff, material minded father, laid her cheek against the little baby girl's and silently gave thanks. "For," thought the mother, "she will be

all my own." Dorothy Parkhouse grew up, as it were, in the shadow. It was true that her mother loved her with a silent idolatrons sort of and the five riotous boys she was evidently

"one too many."
"If it wasn't for mother," thought Dorothy, curling up the little chill feet that the farmer had decided "there wasn't no use in buyin new shoes for as long as the old uns hung together," "I shouldn't want

The next year-Dora's eleventh summer -an artist came out into the rural wildernesses sketching "studies" for his winter's work and boarded for a few weeks at Farmer Parkhouse's. Dora watched him as Aladdin of old might have watched the marvelous productions of the magician. 'I believe I could do that," said Dova.

with a voice that fluttered with her flut-tering breath. "Mr. Ryner, I have saved 6 pennies. Would you be good enough to buy me a pencil like yours when you go down to the village tomorrow?" Mr. Ryner looked around with a good

humored smile. "Take one of mine, Cinderella," he said and threw her a piece of paper and pencil, and then he went on with his drawing. Dora worked on in silence by his side, so rapt and absorbed in her occupation that

she never noticed when he glanced over her "Faith! not so bad," said he. "Is this the

first you have done?" "Yes, sir, the very first." Mr. Ryner said no more, but he gave Dora a lesson every day after that until she had learned to handle her pencil with no

had learned to handle her pencil with no mean degree of skill.

Dorothy Parkhouse had been an ugly infant, a plain, unattractive child, but it is not always possible to judge of the flower by the folded bud. She grew up rarely, daintily pretty, with brown hair, blue gray eyes and a face like a wild rose.

But Hezekiah Parkhouse did not notice her any more than he noticed the cat in the chimney corner, and he never was

the chimney corper, and he never was more astonished in his life than when George Elden, whose father owned the best sawmill in the county, asked him to use his influence with his sister in his behalf. Hezekiah went home and communicated

the great news to Dorothy as an eastern emissary might be supposed to tell the humblest slave of the harem that the sul tan had cast a favorable eye upon her.
"Well!" cried Farmer Parkhouse as soon

as he had sensed up the tidings, "Dorothy's fortin's made now, sure enough.' "Not in that way," said Dorothy calmly. "I shall not marry Mr. Elden."

'You won't marry him!" roared Farmer Parkhouse. "But I say you shall if I have to drag you

"And you won't let me see the contents?" sleeve of her mother's calico morning dress,

which bore these brief lines: Mother, I'm going to try my own luck in the world. When I have made my fortune, I'll come back after you. Keep up good courage and don't for a moment doubt that I will keep

"Well," ejaculated Mr. Ryner as Dora presented herself before him and told her simple tale, "what do you suppose you're going to do, little one!"

don't know, sir," said Dora simply. "The ravens fed Elijah." His wife gave her some breakfast, and

then the kindly artist took her to a place where other girls were drawing pictures on blocks of wood for a great publishing house. "Try your hand at this," said Mr. Ryner. "I won't insure you a fortune at first, but you'll get on if you are painstaking and Dora tried, and at the week's end she

found herself the possessor of a sum of money that exceeded her wildest hopes. "Why," she cried, "Hezekiah don't get as much as this for his week's work on the

farm."
"Possibly," said Mr. Ryner dryly. "You see, my girl, you have talent, and Hezekiah has only strength and muscle."
It was in August when Dora Parkhouse

"ran away," and it was a bleak October night when she once more approached the cluster of butternut trees that surrounded the house. The light flickered faintly from the kitchen window as she walked briskly

Suddenly she stopped. A figure stood before her at the forks of the roads. Its garments fluttered in the wind, and one and was pressed to its brow. "Mother!" she cried aloud.

"Dorat Dorat is it you? I was going to look for you, child. They beat me, they turned meout of doors, but I knew I should find you."

And she sank subbing on her daughter's

"I have come home just in time," said Dora, folding the frail, quivering figure in her arms. "Mother, dear, we will be all the world to each other henceforward."

And from that moment Noah Parkhouse

and his five tall sons never saw Dorothy or her mother again.

Dora has a bright little home, sustain

and kept sunshing by her own industry, and Mrs. Parkhouse is serenely happy in her daughter's love and devotion.

"We don't want any third one to make us contented, do we, mamma?" Dora asks

anghingly.

And her mother answers dreamily: "I knew that my comfort and help had come the day you were born, my Dorothy —my gift of God."—Chicago Post.

A Substitute For Glass. In a number of places in the east a very pretty substitute for glass is being used to the windows and other places where glass is commonly employed. It is a ambstance which at first glance seems much like a fine quality of light yellow glass crossed and recrossed with a network of fine black lines. cased with a network of this steel wire, the same between the wires being about a ceith of an inch. The wire gauze, being ade, is dipped into pots of specially preade, is dipped into pots of specially pre-tand varnish, which fills up the inter-tices ad makes the whole a translucent yellow-nest. The material is very durable and to affect beautiful.—New York Telegram

THAT BOX.

"Jack," said Lady Bargemont, "I do erity believe that you are really fond of me

"Of course I am fond of you, Hetty." "But you wouldn't have been fond of me. Jack, if Casterton hadn't been born. I can't think why the peer married the parson's daughter. Jack, why did you marry meme of all people in the world? Tell me, dear, why did King Cophetin wed with the beggar maid?"

"It's a funny thing, Hetty," said his lord-ship, with a smile of affection, "that Bluebeard's wife is always hankering after the key of the blue closet and, as the advertisement says, won't be happy till she

"I'll tell you why I married you, little Hetty. I married you as a duty, dear, be-cause I was a proud and miserable man, homeless and childless, the last of my line. I didn't want the Bargemont title to die out, and I married you, Hetty, because you devotion, but with the loud voiced father were the prettiest, wholesomest, healthlest and the five riotous boys she was evidently, and honestest little maid I had clapped my eyes upon, and because there was no nonsense and nothing morbid about you.

"I wasn't in love with you, Hetty, when I married you. I don't mind confessing that I did it as a duty, but I have learned to love you. You've healed my wounds, and— well, you're Casterton's mother. And you agreed to marry me out of pity. I know you did."

"But I was in love with you all the same, for pity, we know, is akin to love, and I know you do love me, Jack, and dearly, and it's because you do love me that you're

going to tell me all about her."

And then Lord Bargemont sighed. "If I must tell you, I must," he said and when I have told you, Hetty, you will pity me all the more.

"I came into the Bargemont title when I was a boy of 15. The court of chancery took care of me, and I hadn't a real friend in the wide world. I was a blase man of the world at 25. People looked upon me just as a big fish that had to be caught at any

"Why, mothers and chaperons threw their flies in vain. I was absolutely heart whole. But I met my fate at last. "She was very beautiful in all men's eyes -clever, accomplished and ambitious, well

born and well bred, an only daughter, ready to do her duty and sell herself to the highest bidder. "She was a magnificent animal. I don't believe she had a heart, but her imperial beauty attracted me. She was the cynosure of every eye. I proposed to Lady Blanche Middleton, was accepted, and we were mar-

"For a month I was happy-happy as a child in the possession of a new and expensive toy—then I discovered that my handsome wife did not love me. But she gave me no cause for jealousy, though I became very anxious on her account. "She grew more morose and melancholy,

strange in her manner and more inclined for solitude. Her appetite failed, and her beauty faded before my eyes. "One day I came into her boudoir sud-

denly. She was sitting with a mahogany bound box open on the table before When she saw me, she closed the box and locked it with a key which she wore

upon her watch chain.
"My curiosity was aroused. 'What on earth have you in that box, Blanche!' I said.

"She laid her hand upon it jealously, and with an angry look in her magnificent eyes —which, though we were not a year married, had already grown dull and lack luster—she said! 'I hate impertment curiosity in a man, Bargemont. This little box is

"'I'd rather die first,' said my wife.

"I turned on my heel and left the room. for I could not trust myself. "From that day we quarreled. I disdained to seek further explanation from a wom

an who denied me her confidence. "Several mouths went by, and Lady Bargemont's conduct became more an more eccentric. It attracted the attention of the neighbors and the servants. The neighbors said that Lord Bargamont's wife

was going melancholy mad.
"One day my wife's maid-rushed into my room, her eyes nearly starting from her head with horror. 'My lord,' she cried, 'I can't get into Lady Bargemont's room; she doesn't answer me. I don't know what to

"I and the maid hurried to my wife's We hammered at the door for ad-"Then I burst the door open, and a dread

ful sight met our eyes.
"There lay my wife fully dressed upon the bed. Hereyes were closed as though in sleep, but when I looked into her face and saw what I saw there I knew that she

was dead.

"Her hand grasped a strange looking instrument of bamboo mounted in silver, on
one end of which was a curious disk of porous clay. Upon the little table at the bedside lay the brass box wide open, a portable spirit lamp which was still burning and what appeared to be a traveling ink-

stand open.
"My wife was an opinm smoker. learned the habit from a friend as a cure for neuralgia, to which she was subject. Those little brass bound boxes, with the dainty apparatus for the carrying out of the hideous eastern vice, are still sold with impunity in London.

Those who know of the hideous thing say nothing, and when the victims die by ruining their constitutions, or, as in my wretched wife's case, by an overdose of the accuraed thing sometimes there is an in-quest and a verdict of death by misadven-

ture, as in her case. "And now you know all about it, Hetty, and why it was that when you married me you found me a miserable man. There's nothing morbid about you, little woman,

anyhow."

And then the door was flung wide open, and a blue eyed boy, some 3 years of age, rushed into the room. The child was a ploture of health and strength and happiness.

"And there's nothing merbid about him," added Lord Bargemont. "He doesn't look much like the last of his line, does he, Hebria."

And then Lord Bargemont submitted to the common fate of fathers and danced the child upon his knee toward the haven of Banbury Cross, and as he did so he forgot for the time all about the first Lady Barge-mont and the brass bound box.—Exchange.

Dumanet goes to a photographer's. When

Beg your pardon.' "Just one word."

"Bay on." "I wish to observe that I have just had my hair cut and that I usually wear it much longer than this Please make it temper."-Petit Rousemats.

NOA

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what a comfort it is to have ready at hand a remedy that never fails to relieve Constipation, and that, without pain or discomfort; and almost immediately cures headaches, and dispels every symptom of Dyspepsia. Such a remedy is found in Simmons Liver Regulator-not a sweetened compound to nauseate, or an intoxicating beverage

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THE GIRL USHERS.

m Attendant on the Duryea Church Services Has a Word.

The very original idea conceived by the Rev. John E. Fray, the pastor of the Presbyterian church on Clermont avenne, near Atlantic, commonly known as the Duryea, while it took the religious world somewhat by surprise, did not work so smoothly or as successfully as the inventor of it had hoped. One of the women members of the congregation spoke to a reporter as follows:

"I consider the movement highly improper. If the pews cannot be filled by proper. If the pews cannot be filled by earnest, honest, spiritual work, it would through the shivered panes, and I was delay be better not to have any service. It is be better not to have any service. on a par, rather below it, I think, with the putting of female choristers and solo singers in the Episcopal church in surplice in order that they might make a etter presentation before the congregation during the singing of the services; have often heard the vulgar expression, 'holy show,' and it pained me exceed-ingly to hear my brother and other young men, his associates, give utterance to it. But really what else can you call the dressing of women in white shrouds, placing them within the railing of the chancel to sing the hymns and intone the responses or act in the capacity of ushers, as was attempted some mouths

ago in a New York theater. "In the New England town where is my natal home what a shock it would be to its good Congregationalists to meet on entering their place of worship a girl costumed as an usher, marshaling them to the seats they were to occupy during the service! I am rejoiced to know." continued the woman, with additional energy of manner, "that the attempt was a failure-that young men were not to be cajoled into listening to pious talks that really, in nine out of ten cases, are stale and unprofitable repetitions of long

since exhausted themes.
"Those so called preachers and teachers of the word, made so by mechanical treatment, are at best weak rehashers of old and often forgotten sermons, and most of them do it in so bungling a fashion that the listener wonders at what the speaker on the platform or in the pulpit is really driving. Groat teachers, broad minded, up to the color of the times, with courage enough to speak out, not hiding under a cloak of verbalisms their convictions, will always have a hearing."-Brooklyn Eagle.

RAILROAD TIES.

The railroad men of Pennsylvania have organized a legislative board of railroad employees of the state.

At present 44 trains are running over the tracks of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road daily.

The "Soo" line's Pacific extension will be open for business from St. Paul and the east Sept. 15, and brisk competition

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas won

AN OFFICER'S STORY.

"Do, Charley, do!" chimed in the others. These remarks proceeded from a group of American soldiers who were surrounding a campfire in Indian Territory, endeavoring

to keep warm. "Well, then," said the one addressed as Charley, "I will tell you a true one, which happened to me once, although it almost makes my blood run cold to think of it.

"Five years ago as I was on my way to "Five years ago as I was on my way to join my regiment, which was stationed at the town of —, the stage took in an old jentleman and his daughter. His whole hir bors the stamp of excellent birth and education. I could say nothing in regard to the looks of the young lady, on account of her veil and bonnet, but a fine form, with occasional glimpses of sparkling black eyes, and a lovely complexion were enough.

"When we arrived at the hotel in the town. I procured a room and then called." town, I procured a room and then called for supper, but on account of the fatigue of the journey I felt no inclination to eat and

shortly after went to my room and threw myself on my bed, but could get no rest. "While in this state I was startled by a rich, mellow voice, quite near me, which I immediately knew to be that of my fair fellow traveler, warbling, in a sweet tone. 'Silver Lake.' On examination I found that there was a doos between my room and hers, apparently long nailed up and dis-used. As I was impatiently ruminating,

used. As I was impatiently ruminating, she commenced in the same sorto voice and sang the song from Tribly Lutrin, 'Ecouta.' Then, taking up the song, I sang the second verse. Her voice immediately ceased, and I heard no more.

"It was growing very late, and wearied more in mind than body I once more threw myself on the bed to sleep, though I had no expectation of slumber. I did sleep, however—a sleep I shall never forget. I was ever—a sleep I shall never forget. I was fearfully aroused from it by what seemed to be tumultuous voices, the roaring of cannon and drums, and occasionally peals like thunder. I felt oppressed by the glare of light. A noise like thunder startled me from my uneasy couch, and I sprang upon the floor. The room glared red with rapid. lashes, as if illuminated by the bursting of

volcano.
"Accustomed to danger, I soon collected my thoughts. I approached the window and saw that the town was on fire. It was the blowing up of a house in the violity that had suddenly aroused me. From the shouts I heard, my hotel was evidently burning. I rushed toward my door, but at that very time I recollected the lady near me. I knocked violently at her door—this was no time for ceremony. I tried with all was no time for ceremony. I tried with all my strength to force an entry, but in vain. I sprang to my door, but found it locked. I remembered locking it before going to bed and taking the key out, but had utterly forgotten where I had put it. After attempting to burst it open with my foot I essayed a chair, and then a table, until both were shivered into fragments.

"As I could see by the light that the growd was a large one. I determined to call

crowd was a large one, I determined to call for assistance. In my impatience to open the window I dashed my hands through the panes of glass, severely cutting them, and called loudly for aid. But amid the clamor of voices and the roaring of the flames a cannon could scarcely have been heard.

"The room began to be oppressively hot, and the floor parched my fect. I had faced death on many battlefields and feared it not, but to die thus! I sank down on my bed in despair. Gushes of dark, red flame, mingled with a black, musty cloud, filled

my room.
"'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'it is allover! I have nothing to do but to die likea man!

gines were playing on the building.
"Once more I arose, resolved to make another effort. I selzed the tongs and poker and tried to force back the lock. strength seemed to increase with my desperation. I toiled till the skin was rubbe from my before lacerated hands. Almost fainting, I staggered back against the wall, where I saw my reflection in a large psyche, My eyes were bloodshot and haggard, my hair hung in thick, lank spikes, while my

face was covered with soot and blood.
"What I have related occurred in a few minutes. A wooden portico covered with tin just under my window had long resisted the furious element, but at last it gave way. The sudden heat that rushed into the room was too much for me. My knees tottered, and my head swam round. I threw myself on my face, remembering that there is said to be a pure layer of air near the floor. While thus extended my eye caught the door key near me that had fallen from a nail over my head. I seized the key and gained the door, but the dense cloud into gained the door, but the dense cloud into which I arose overpowered my exhausted frame. I recied around and fell to the floor, and as I fell a loud crash rang in my ears.

"How long I lay insensible I know not. When I was out of danger, I learned from the physician that the young girl, who had been awakened by her father, followed by two firemen, rescued me, and when the door between the rooms was shivered to pieces with one of their axes one of the firemen caught up my lifeless body, while his companion carried off the heroic girl, who had fainted on seeing my prostrate form.

panion carried off the heroic girl, who had fainted on seeing my prostrate form.

"My first inquiry was about the young lady who had saved my life. As it was, I found her an angel. And that awfulnight, which still makes my blood run cold, made me what I still am—a happy husband."—Exchange.

Ancient Monts and Their Fish. The scology of the ancient mosts is as deeply interesting as their botany. Therein loungs about pike and carp which may be a century old, the former running 25 and be a century old, the former running seams
30 pounds weight and the latter 8 and 9.
This fact I can verify, because I have had
to take museum casts of them for my own
purpose. In prereformation times fishponds were as necessary to a country house
as a kitchen garden is now.

There were the Fridays all through the year when nothing but a fish diet was allowed, and the 40 days of Lent. In short, the dietary manu dictated by the church extended over one-fourth of the entire year. In the eastern counties, particularly where there are no salmon and trout streams, it was important to have was important to have stews and mosts The new title of the Southwestern Railway and Steamship association is Southwestern Traffic association. Brevity in everything pertaining to traffic matters is commandable.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas won for itself the friendship and loyalty of its employees and the commondation of the public by granting them two weeks vacation and a free ride to Chicago.

The Beilingham Bay and Eastern has decided to extend its road around Lake Whatcom to connect with the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern at Wickersham, Wash. Construction will at once be be-

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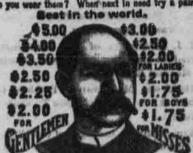
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